Vol. IX. Numb. 87.

THE OBSERVATOR.

On the Plot charg'd upon the Whigs by impudent Libels to have deſign'd to pull down St. Paul's, *in order to bury the Queen in its Ruins on the Thankſgiving-Day. On the* Poſt-Boy's *impudent Calumnies to inflame the Mob. Reaſons why the* Examiner *ſhould make haſte with his* Eſſay on the Art of Political Lying, *to teach his Party to lye with a better Grace. A Story from* Turky, *to ſhew how the Government there treated a Highflying* Mahometan *railing Doctor. The Lord Biſhops of* Lincoln *and* Norwich's *Reaſons for putting a ſtop to Highflying Sermons.*

From Saturday, November 11. to Wedneſday, November 15. 1710.

Countrym. I Have a good mind to ſend a Porter with a Note to the Author of the *Examiner*, Maſter, to adviſe him to finiſh his Eſſay on *the Art of Political Lying* with all poſſible haſte, for his Friends are in great want of it: They are the verieſt Bunglers that ever were heard on.

Obſ. What puts that Maggot into thy head, *Roger?*

Countrym. There have been Libels cry'd all about Town, Maſter, charging the Whigs with a Plot to pull down St. *Paul's* Cathedral, in order to bury her Majeſty under the Ruins of it, on the Thankſgiving-Day.

Obſ. Prithee, *Roger*, don't trouble me with ſuch Fooleries.

Countrym. Fooleries, Maſter! There's a great many Farthingale Ladies that believe it better than they do their Creed. My poor *Joan* had her Coiff almoſt tore off her head t'other day by ſome of my Tory Neighbours Wives for contradicting it; tho for my own part I never heard any thing ſo ridiculous in my life, except it were the Story of a drunken Fellow who came home ſo fuddled one night, that he cou'd not open the Door of his Room, and fell a ſwearing that the Whigs had ſtole away his Key-hole.

Obſ. I think you have match'd the Story very well, *Roger.*

Countrym. We have as ridiculous Stories of the Whigs almoſt every day in the *Poſt-Boy*, Maſter; which makes the Party hug it ſo, that they value it more than they do the Goſpel, and ſend it all over the Country on purpoſe to expoſe the Revolution-Party, and to animate the *Sacheverellites* to mob them. The Author values himſelf highly upon it, and publickly approves the breaking of Windows and the other Inſults committed by the Mob upon their peaceable Neighbours every where.

Obſ. Good now, *Roger*, you know I don't love to hang my head over a Common Shore: I had as lieve you would tell me the Adventures of all the Kennel-Rakers and Tom-T—d-Men about Town; I hate ſuch a dirty Subject.

Countrym. Why ſo ſqueamiſh, Maſter! If your Neighbour's Vault or Sink offend you, I hope you would not think it below you to complain of it.

Obſ. True, *Roger*; but I think it below any Man to take notice of what's ſaid of him by a Perſon below contempt. I remember there was a brutiſh dull ſort of People among the Antient *Greeks*, call'd *Clazomenians*, who abus'd and ſlander'd every body; and their wiſe Neighbours thought the beſt way of making reprizals upon them was to publiſh Proclamations, That the *Clazomenians* ſhould have liberty to ſpeak what they pleas'd: which had the deſign'd effect; for it expos'd them to the Contempt and Scorn of all Mankind, who no more regarded what thoſe People ſaid, than the Moon did the barking of *Eſop's* Dog. For my own part, *Roger*, I think that to be the beſt way of rebuking the *Sacheverellite* Scribblers and Pulpiteers, ſince they have forfeited all Pretenſions to common Senſe and Honeſty.

Countrym. In truth, Maſter, you're in the right; that's the only proper way to deal with them: for I remember, as I was one day paſſing along the ſtreet, a Termagant Dame diſcharg'd a whole Round of *Billingſgate* upon a Fellow that had diſguſted her; who finding himſelf at a loſs to repay her in the ſame ſpecie, fell a dancing and ſinging, which put her into ſuch a confuſion, that ſhe ſtrait run in a doors, and left him Maſter of the Field.

Obſ. Your Story has a good Moral, *Roger*; therefore pray obſerve it in your own Conduct. The generous Maſtiff deſpiſes the Snarling of little Curs, and reſents it no otherwiſe than by turning about and piſſing upon them.

Countrym. I thank you for your good Advice, Maſter, and will follow it as well as I can. In the mean time let's return to our Friend the *Examiner*; I hope we may preſume to give him a little Advice, without tranſgreſſing the Rules of Good Breeding.

Obſ. 'Tis certain we may, *Roger.*

Countrym. Then, Maſter, I would adviſe him to preſent ſome of the firſt Copies of his *Eſſay on the Art of Political Lying* to Dr. *Sacheverel*, Mr. *Leſley*, and the reſt of their Brethren the Highflying Pulpiteers and Scribblers, that they mayn't expoſe themſelves any further, by telling ſuch manifeſt and ill-concerted Lyes from the Pulpit and Preſs, as that there was no Reſiſtance made uſe of at the Revolution, and that the Convention dethron'd the late King *James* merely becauſe of his running away or Reſignation, and not upon the account of his Tyranny and Miſgovernment: for theſe are ſuch palpable Untruths, that every body ſees thro them; inſomuch that one of their own ſpecial Friends, the Author of *Faults on both ſides*, juſtly ridicules 'em on that account.

Obſ. I take your Advice to be very proper, *Roger*, and hope the *Examiner* will follow it, if he have any thing of a generous Concern for the Reputation of his Fellow-Champions.

Countrym. I would adviſe him in the next place, Maſter, to ſend ſome of the Copies of his *Eſſay on Political Lying* to his Friends the Addreſſers, that they mayn't again be guilty of ſuch Blunders in Politicks, as to couple the Divine Hereditary Right, her Majeſty's Title, and that of the Houſe of *Hanover*, in the ſame Addreſſes; and that they would not talk of an Irreſiſtible Power, and of withſtanding Popery and Arbitrary Power in the ſame breath. The Turn is much too ſhort, and looks as if the Party had ſomething in their mind which they are afraid to expreſs, or that they would fain

learn

learn the Art of maintaining both ſides of a Contradiction, as the *Examiner* unjuſtly alledges upon the Whigs.

Obſ. Your Obſervations are juſt enough, *Roger*; I take the *Examiner* to be oblig'd in Honour to conſider them: for if Unlimited Paſſive-Obedience and Hereditary Right be Apoſtolical Doctrines, the Party ought to ſpeak out plain, and not mince the matter; 'tis *Caſus Confeſſionis*, and will admit of no Subterfuge or Evaſion. If it be our Saviour's Doctrine, they ought not to deny it before Men, as they would not have him to deny them before his Father and his Holy Angels; therefore, *Roger*, tho I pity the Miſtake of the Nonjurants and Jacobites, I muſt own that they are much the the honeſter Men, in ſtanding by their Principle, and refuſing to own the Government or the *Hanover* Succeſſion. But to abjure the Pretender, and yet ſerve him; to own the Revolution, and yet to undermine it; to own the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and advance Principles that deſtroy it; to preach and write againſt the Conſtitution, as plain as words can expreſs it, and at the ſame time to ſwear before God and Man, that they did no ſuch thing, are Crimes that none but *Sacheverellites* and Jeſuits can be guilty of. That's the dull *Clazomenian*, but not the refin'd *Cretian* way of Lying: Therefore I hope the *Examiner* will make haſte with his Eſſay, for you ſay very juſtly that his Party ſtands mightily in need of it.

Countrym. He ought alſo to make diſpatch, Maſter, for the ſake of *Sacheverel*, and our other Pulpiteers, *&c.* who take Heaven to witneſs, that they are for indulging Conſciences truly ſcrupulous, yet are for thundering out Anathemas againſt Low Churchmen as Falſe Brethren, becauſe they are not for Perſecution, againſt Diſſenters as Schiſmaticks becauſe they cannot conform, and againſt the Queen and Parliament, as deſerving a double Load of Damnation for tolerating them, as Dr. *Sacheverel* ſays in his *Derby* Sermon, all Governments do who countenance Schiſm. 'Tis likewiſe neceſſary that the *Examiner* make haſte with his Eſſay, for the ſake of thoſe who pretend to be for the Act to exempt Diſſenters from the Penalties of the Laws againſt Nonconformity, and yet hire Mobs to burn and pull down their Meeting-Houſes, to inſult their Miniſters in the Streets, to rob and attack their Houſes, and to hector Diſſenters out of their Rights, either to vote or ſtand for Parliament-Men.

Obſ. We ſhall never have done, *Roger*, if we enumerate all the Reaſons which the *Examiner* has to make haſte with his Eſſay; therefore I'l conclude at preſent with telling you a Story from *Turky*, to let the World ſee that the Conduct of thoſe Infidels may put our Highfliers to the bluſh.

Sir *Paul. Ricaut*, in his *Preſent State of the* Greek *Church*, *pag.* 24. tells us, 'That he knew at *Smyrna* a Reverend Preacher among the *Turks*, or, 'as we may call him, a Doctor or Schoolmaſter, 'that had many Pupils under him, whom he inſtructed in the *Mahometan* Law. He was ſo 'great a Lover of his own Sect, that he hated 'the reſt of Mankind. His Sermons were always 'ſtuff'd with Invectives againſt Chriſtians, charging *Smyrna* with unpardonable Sins for indulging them.——In which he oftentimes ſuffer'd 'himſelf to be ſo extravagantly tranſported with 'Intemperance of Language, that at length the 'Officers of the City were forc'd to put him in 'mind of the common Scandal he gave to the In'habitants of the City: That thoſe Diſcourſes 'reflected on the Grand Signior and his Govern'ment, and were Declamations againſt the Clemency of their Emperor towards his Subjects, 'and oppos'd thoſe Capitulations and Articles, 'which the Wiſdom of their Government had 'concluded with Chriſtian Princes; which were 'matters of that Concernment, as were neither 'ſafe for him to handle, nor for them to hear. 'With which Admonition, tho this Phariſee grew 'more moderate in his Language, yet his Pride 'and Inſolence was not in the leaſt abated; for 'when he mounted his Mule, accompany'd with 'his Followers, and accidentally met with Chriſtians riding abroad, they would force them to 'alight, and with great Reverence attend until 'the Holy Man was paſt by. This produc'd frequent Rencounters and Scuffles between both 'Parties, which would have proceeded higher, 'had not the Magiſtrates ſeaſonably quell'd the 'Inſolence of the *Mahometan* Doctor and his 'Mob; which Conduct of the Magiſtrates was 'afterwards confirm'd and approv'd by the 'Grand Seignior.'

Countrym. I thank you, Maſter, the Story is as pat as can be; I hope our Highflying Pulpiteers, and others concern'd, will toke notice of it. I will be at the Expence of a Penny to ſend this Story to Sir *S—— G——d*, and deſire him to communicate it to Sir *G—— N———*, and others of Dr. *Sacheverel*'s Friends. In the mean time I think we may be allow'd to ſay with the Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, in his Speech on the ſecond Article againſt *Sacheverel*, 'That ſomewhat ſhould be done 'to put a ſtop to ſuch Preaching, as if not timely 'corrected, may kindle ſuch Heats and Animoſities among us, as may truly endanger both the 'Church and the State.' And we may likewiſe ſay with the Lord Biſhop of *Norwich* on the ſame occaſion, 'That a Presbyter of the Church of '*England* is oblig'd to acquieſce in all ſuch Re'laxations amongſt us as are legally made, be'cauſe he has ſolemnly promis'd, at his Ordination, that he will give his faithful Diligence al'ways, ſo to miniſter the Doctrine and Sacra'ments as the Lord hath commanded, and as this 'Church and Realm hath receiv'd the ſame.' But it ſeems our Highflying Prieſts have forgot their Promiſes and Oaths both to Church and State, when they preach and write in ſo audacious a manner both againſt the Revolution and Toleration.

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